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# CHANGE:

A POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

## PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY

OF

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

AUGUST 29, 1839.

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BY JAMES FLINT.

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The following slight performance, prepared at the request and delivered at the anniversary of a literary association attached to our Alma Mater, is respectfully inscribed to the "Class Club" of 1802, by their obliged friend and affectionate classmate,

THE AUTHOR.

SALEM, 1848.

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## CHANGE.



*“Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.”*

SINCE we, who meet coevals here, were boys,  
Our tops and kites dismiss'd for manlier toys,—  
The dread ordeal pass'd, and “admittatur”  
Announc'd us nurselings of our “Alma Mater;”—  
Since that proud moment which o'erpaid the toil  
Of schoolboy tasks, pursu'd by midnight oil,—  
When here,—our fathers' hope, our mothers' pride,—  
All for the goal of fame, afar descri'd,  
Together starting on our four years' race,  
With limbs elastic and with blooming face,  
We ran with various speed the classic round,  
And at its close were all with laurel crown'd;—  
'Tho' some with parts betray'd our want of parts,  
We all came forth brave bachelors of arts;—  
Since that eventful, joyous, mournful day,  
When taking each his solitary way,  
As erst our banish'd parents weeping took  
Of their lov'd Eden many a farewell look,  
We parting enter'd on a world untri'd,

With hope to cheer and Providence to guide ;—  
 Since that still well-remember'd day went down,  
 The last we wore the academic gown,—  
 How strange the changes time has brought to pass ?  
 How what seem'd gold its touch has turn'd to brass ?  
 How fair a world, that look'd all bright before,  
 Our backward gaze has lost to find no more ?  
 Vanish'd the beauteous bow of painted air,  
 As hope went down and left the rain cloud there ;  
 And fled the visions, that so sweetly smil'd,  
 And lur'd us onward, by those smiles beguil'd ;  
 And gone the enchantment novelty bestow'd,—  
 And dead the flowers, that fring'd the paths we trode ;  
 Th' aroma lost, of bud and blossom born,—  
 And mute the songs, that wak'd the vernal morn,  
 And quench'd the light, whose beams illusive shone,  
 And pour'd o'er life a radiance not its own.  
 From you, dear charmers of our cheated youth,  
 How sad to turn and con the lore severe of truth ?

So deems the fond, enthusiast bard, what time  
 The visions fade, that dup'd his dreamy prime,  
 And stern experience with his wizzard wand,  
 The dreamer disenchant, —and fairy land  
 With all its phantom train, of fancy bred,  
 Departs, and leaves this “work-day world” instead.

This “work-day world” forever whirling round,  
 Which ne'er to-day as yesterday is found,

Though bearing still its well-known shape and name,  
Is every day another and the same.\*

Five thousand years, now verging near to six,  
Tho' playing still its geologic tricks,—  
Now frightening nations with its shaking fits,—  
Now from its depths its fiery show'rs emits,—  
And once its face all under water thrust,—  
Yet no fierce flames have fused its upper crust ;  
But still its rock-ribbed frame remains unbroken,  
As when frail man was into being spoken,  
And beast and bird and every living thing  
Welcom'd with him the fresh primeval spring—  
As when the sons of God glad anthems sung  
And all the elder spheres with rapture rung,  
Exulting to behold the younger birth  
Of those blue heavens and this green-mantled earth.

Yet change unceasing has been going on,  
As time has sped and years have come and gone,—  
Change underneath and all its surface o'er,  
And with its dwellers change forevermore  
Of passions, feelings, wishes, projects, schemes,  
Of air-built castles, phantasies and dreams,—  
With change of customs, forms and discipline,  
Shaping the outward world to that within,—  
New moulding laws, philosophies and creeds,  
By change to meet the growing spirit's needs,

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\* "Alter it idem."

With endless changes, too, of modes of living,—  
 Of pleasure-seeking and of pleasure-giving,—  
 Of ways of getting, spending, thrift and waste,—  
 Of tricks in trade and freaks in ton and taste,  
 Of wooing, wedding,—showing love and hate,  
 Of doing little things as well as great,  
 Of pulling down or building up a state.  
 Men with their clime, 'tis said their color change,\*  
 For in this changing world no change is strange.  
 Friend Garrison by going South may yet  
 Be chang'd to black and blue, if not to jet ;  
 Fair zealots wed their favorite hue of night,  
 And Captain Cuff's great grandsons may be white.  
 The press may bleach brave Col'nel Johnson's spouse ;  
 Whigs with the kitchen cabinet carouse,  
 Defaulters turn repentant and repay,  
 And pet subtreasurers cease to run away.  
 Changes more strange than these the world hath seen,  
 And that may be again which once has been.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Change has been working out the Maker's plan  
 Thro' all the past, since time its march began.

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\* There was much said and written about this time touching the cause of color in the different races and about amalgamation. Amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon with the African race to any considerable extent, I am constrained to regard as improbable and undesirable. However it might tend to raise the latter, it must tend equally to depress and deteriorate the former. My abhorrence of slavery is as strong as that of "Friend Garrison" or any of his co-workers in the cause of abolition. But I can see neither the wisdom, the justice, the humanity or the expediency of many of the measures, proposed by the abolitionists, for effecting the emancipation of the slaves in the southern States of the Union.

What makes the music of the chiming spheres,  
 Heaven's clocks, that strike the passing months and  
 years ?

What gives their charm to ocean, earth and sky,  
 That fill with new delight the unsated eye ?

What bids us hope amid the ills we bear,  
 And bide the impending storm till skies grow fair ?  
 What saves from stagnant pause and stolid gloom  
 Man's clay-bound spirit,—and invests the tomb  
 With light from brighter worlds, where peace and bliss  
 O'erpay the dead for all they leave in this ?

'Tis change, co-worker with th' Eternal Cause,  
 That changeth all things by unchanging laws.

Revolving planets thrid their mazy dance  
 In endless change thro' heaven's sublime expanse.  
 Darkness and light receive alternate birth,  
 As on its axis whirls the pendent earth.  
 As night to day and day to night succeeds,  
 Each in its turn a train of blessings leads,  
 This lifts from off earth's dwellers, as he goes,  
 While that lets fall the curtain of repose ;  
 Sharing with grateful change the circling hours,  
 By turns they task and soothe man's active powers,  
 With sweet vicisitudes of toil and sleep,  
 As they their equal pace and periods keep.  
 'Tis theirs, for morn and noon and dewy eve  
 Their tissu'd robe of many dyes to weave,  
 To blend its varying tints of light and shade,  
 And bid them when to shine and when to fade.



Still lovelier changes mark the rolling year,  
 As circling round the sun her fleet career  
 The earth pursues, and in her retinue  
 Leads on the seasons, each in order due ;  
 Young spring's soft green, her flowers and wood notes  
     sweet ;  
 Flush summer's swelling fruits and genial heat,—  
 Ripe autumn's opulence and joyous cheer,  
 And winter crowned with chaplet hoar and sere.  
 A beauteous train, beneficent as fair,  
 Chanting aloud to man his Maker's care,  
 Who plann'd the beautiful vicissitude,  
 And works all changes for his creatures' good.

Say, where may not the hand of change be trac'd,  
 Now lifting continents from ocean's waste,—  
 Now merging e'en a world beneath its waves,—  
 Its dwellers in their deep, wide, weltering graves  
 All whelm'd—save whom the patriarch's life-boat  
     saves.

Islands to continents have slowly grown,  
 Vast tracts, once till'd by man, now overflown,  
 Are plow'd by keels, that waft from many a shore  
 The wealth of lands that seas have swept before.  
 Empires have mouldered,—nations pass'd away,  
 Whose names have perish'd ; and the iron sway  
 Of Moslem pride in gloom has brooded long  
 O'er lands once free and great in arts and song.  
 And these have risen again to know decay,  
 By change renew'd to be again of change the prey.

In later times how darkly sad the tale  
 Of wrecks that rue of change the fickle gale ;—  
 Of kings uncrown'd,—of many a ravag'd state,—  
 Of millions slain to make one tyrant great,—  
 Of him whose pastime was the bloody strife,  
 And “ victory’s earthquake voice his breath of life,”—  
 Who fell from fortune’s dizziest summit hurl’d,  
 The scourge, the wonder—byword of the world ?

But why of scathful change the tale prolong,—  
 Of realms despoil’d,—of right outrag’d by wrong,—  
 Of weak men scorn’d and plunder’d by the strong ?  
 Leave we these themes for stern, indignant song,  
 For changes that have wrought the nation’s cheer,\*—  
 Pluck’d from the warrior’s grasp the murderer’s spear ;  
 Shook to its base oppression’s steel-girt throne,—  
 Taught truths to monarchs they are slow to own,—  
 Made pamper’d drones disgorge their hoarded spoil,  
 Wrung from the toil-worn delvers of the soil,—  
 Lifted the prostrate many from the dust,  
 And thrown their feudal fetters by to rust,—  
 Won for the slave the rights to nature dear,  
 And left to love what once was forc’d from fear ;—  
 Banish’d the scourge and rack from British Isles,  
 Bade bondage cease, and lighted freedom’s smiles !  
 The sun shines bright in Demarara now,

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\* Allusion is here made to the melioration of the condition of the people, their emancipation from the oppressions and tyrannies of the ancient dynasties in France and other portions of Europe. The changes alluded to in 1839 are more amply verified in 1848.



And Cassius' scowl has fled his alter'd brow.  
 The wrongs his race bore there in hopeless woe,  
 Shall pain no more the generous Martineau.\*

Hark, too, from many a realm the alter'd tone,  
 Assum'd by scepter'd worms that fill a throne.  
 See liegemen's awe of jewell'd diadem  
 Merged in the anxious wearer's awe of them.  
 See kings and nobles yield to late reform,  
 Warn'd by the omens of the gathering storm,  
 That threatens throne and altar, hall and tower,  
 With vengeance due for long abuse of power.  
 A spirit call the working world hath stir'd,  
 Its thrilling voice in many tongues is heard,—  
 Its burden spreads o'er earth from sea to sea,  
 "Break every yoke and let the oppress'd go free."  
 Pale despots prescient read their coming doom,  
 As serf and slave their ravish'd rights resume.

No more in search of distant change I roam ;  
 Lo, past and passing changes, nearer home,  
 In thickening groups the crowded vision throng,  
 Fruitful of themes for grave or mirthful song.

E'en in ourselves, since life and hope were new,  
 Full many a change we mark, and marking rue.

Tho' many a veteran beau and gentle maiden,

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\* See her beautiful and touching tale of Demarara.

With tell-tale time's unwelcome honors laden,  
 Grieve most for changes which their mirrors show,  
 And sigh o'er conquests they no more can know ;—  
 Vex'd with themselves, who find alas too late,  
 They're too much changed to change their single state,  
 (For men or maids who wed not when they may,  
 'Tis just that "when they would they should have  
     nay,"—

That belles, like birds, who flirt away their prime,  
 Should find there comes no second pairing time ;)  
 Tho' time with us has played his wonted tricks,  
 Nor fail'd his labels on our brow to fix,—  
 With stealthy hand, to mark his progress there,  
 Has strew'd with white, or thin'd our flowing hair,—  
 And dimm'd the lustre of the speaking eye,—  
 Tho' thefts like these may wake perchance a sigh,  
 Yet not for these we chide the reckless thief ;  
 We grieve for changes fraught with sorer grief,  
 Which fewer still have left the precious few,  
 Whom most we cherish'd as we earliest knew.  
 Fond memory turns to many a vacant place,  
 And seeks in vain the dear familiar face,—  
 The hand that met with answering warmth our own,  
 The voice that had a magic in its tone,  
 The looks, the smiles, that spoke from heart to heart ;  
 Life, earth is chang'd, when forc'd from these to part !

When of that ardent crowd of gay compeers,  
 Who hail'd with us the hope of distant years,  
 The many-color'd changes we review,

We sadly muse,—we mourn and marvel too.  
 O'er not a few the final change has pass'd ;  
 On some oblivion's pall is kindly cast ;  
 Some fallen in manhood's strength, mature of mind,  
 Have left a green, unwithering fame behind.  
 Untimely some, as we untimely deem,  
 Fled ere they woke from life's gay morning dream ;  
 Fled from a shadowy world, all bright and fair,  
 In heaven to find th' enduring substance there.  
 And of the way-worn voyagers, who survive,  
 Some early knew, some never learn'd to thrive.  
 Launch'd from the shore at fortune's dead low tide,  
 Without or chart, or skill their course to guide,  
 Listless they whil'd away the rising flood,  
 And their affairs at " six and sevens" have stood.  
 Yet they have gaily laughed, good easy souls,  
 Content to steer their skiff " midst sands and shoals,"  
 Nor envied those, who sail with favoring breeze  
 In gilded barge o'er smooth, unruffled seas,  
 Bearing their passport in their golden freight  
 To place, to office, fashion, pomp and state.

Yet there is good and ill, to cure or mar,  
 Defies the rise or fall of fortune's star,—  
 Sorrow and joy, deep-seated in the breast,  
 By no known sign or outward show express'd,—  
 A joy, with which a stranger medleth not,—  
 A bosom wo, that never is forgot,—  
 The sun that gilds, the cloud that darkens life,—  
 That joy a true, that woe a faithless wife.

'Thus well or ill the voyagers have far'd,  
 As they were fitly match'd, or only pair'd.\*  
 Some in their hearts first choice have been most blest,  
 And, pillow'd on affection's faithful breast,  
 Have early found in home the hallow'd rest  
 And dwelling-place of all life has of best,—  
 While others, in their union doubly curs'd,  
 Have made the best of all life has of worst.  
 Chain'd, like the victims of the tyrant's hate,†  
 The etherial spirit with a soulless mate,  
 In silent torture struggling with their doom,  
 They bear their untold misery to the tomb.  
 Others, impatient of their joyless fate,  
 Have snatch'd the chalice of th' inebriate  
 In suicidal draughts to drown their woes,  
 The grave forestalling in the sot's repose.  
 Enough of changes, deepest felt in hearts,  
 That hide their joys nor tell their secret smarts.

Hail to our own New-England, rugged nurse  
 Of men ennobled by the primal curse—  
 A race of yeomen kings, the only line,  
 Whose claim to empire rests on right divine ;—  
 Their realm, a conquest won and kept by toil,  
 Their sweat the holy consecrating oil,  
 That crowns them rightful sovereigns of the soil.  
 Their royal sceptre is the goad they wield,—  
 Their revenue the products of the field,—

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\* "Paired, not matched"—the title of a popular novel.

† See Vir. *Æan.* book viii. line 485. et seq.



Their standing armies are the flocks they feed,—  
 Prompt at their master's word to toil or bleed,—  
 Their minstrels, native warblers of the wood,—  
 Their courtiers gay,—the fluttering, cackling brood,—  
 Sir turkey cock, lords drake and chanticleer,  
 And their plum'd dames, and bright-eyed daughters  
     dear.

Their loyal mayor, and portly aldermen,  
 The well-fed tenants of the porker's pen.  
 Their watch by day, their guard from midnight prowler,  
 Their bull dog Wellington and mastiff jowler ;  
 They fear no hostile march of armed bands,  
 Whose wide domain one frowning fortress stands  
 Far as the eye its rough frontier explores,  
 Girt round with granite hills and rock-bound shores.

Hail to our own New-England, nurse of arts,  
 Strong in the strength mechanic skill imparts,—  
 Enrich'd by commerce, that, with liberal hand  
 Scatters the wealth, she gleans from every land,—  
 By native industry and enterprise,  
 Chang'd from a desert to a paradise.  
 The Genius of improvement speeds his way  
 From shore to mountain ;—in his keen survey  
 O'erlooking ne'er a nook in all thy bounds,  
 And in his track the cheerful hymn resounds  
 Of busy toil and prosperous thrift and hope,  
 That prompts to projects vast, of boundless scope.  
 Hills sink to plains and vales to levels rise ;  
 O'er paths of iron the fire-wing'd chariot flies,

Swift, as an arrow seeks its destined mark,  
 'Tis past, ere ill-bred curs have time to bark.  
 Gruff coachmen growl,—th' exulting horses neigh ;  
 These doff their gear,—those throw their whips away.  
 The humane traveller sees the toil-worn beast,  
 Glad as himself from lumbering coach releas'd,  
 While he, no more concern'd for jaded team,  
 Speeds onward borne by never-tiring steam.

I greet all changes, that have beautified  
 Thy towns and villages, that veil their pride  
 To thy fair city, sitting like a queen  
 Amidst surrounding grace and beauty seen.  
 I love thy softening landscapes to explore,  
 And find new charms in all that pleas'd before.  
 And in thy moral features much I trace  
 Of good improved by many an added grace.  
 And Yankee, tho' a name reproach'd and jeer'd,  
 Is still a name illustrious and rever'd.\*

Yet there are changes, 'tis a grief to name,  
 That have obscured and marr'd thy ancient fame.  
 Time was, thy sons and daughters were content  
 To be the creatures God and nature meant ;  
 When youth was train'd to walk in wisdom's ways,  
 Ere nymphs wore pantaletts, or dandies stays,  
 Nor swallow-tails nor bustled-humps were known ;  
 An age and race, O how unlike our own !

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\* Clarum et venerabile nomen.

The men were hardy, simple, brave, sincere,\*  
 Who fear'd their God, and knew no other fear ;—  
 The daughters modest and the matrons chaste,  
 Whose love allied to heaven the homes they grac'd,  
 Nor needed cards, assemblies, show nor play  
 To cheer the hours, that clos'd the well-spent day ;  
 And garnering all their heart's delight in home,  
 Nor sons, nor husbands felt the wish to roam.  
 No taste or time had they for idle sports,  
 Nor knew the way to pleasure's Paphian courts.  
 Good deeds they wrought, nor fame nor power to win ;  
 Their virtue's source and guerdon were within ;  
 It sought no witness but the Judge Supreme ;  
 To BE their great ambition, not to seem.\*

Not such the bustlers of these stirring days ;  
 Whate'er they do, 'tis all for pelf or praise.  
 Yet never were such numbers leagued before  
 All social wrongs and mischiefs to explore,—  
 To heal a sin-sick world with new-found cures,—  
 To form an age of genuine Simon Pures.  
 Zealots in all departments of reform  
 Are carrying all sin's old strong holds by storm.  
 The rage for doing good and being known,—  
 That sort of two-birds-killing with one stone,—  
 So many hands, so many tongues enlists,  
 We're stunn'd and beggar'd by philanthropists.  
 Profess'd reformers in such myriads swarm,



They're straiten'd sore for subjects to reform.  
 Once 'twas enough if each one mended one,  
 Nor felt that he was safe till this was done.  
 Now partners in some saints' association,\*  
 We make a joint-stock business of salvation.  
 All good societies, 'tis understood,  
 Are sanctified by making others good.  
 The sins of sinful members are forgiven  
 For zeal in fitting other souls for heaven.  
 They feel the need of self-reform no more ;  
 They're all made holy by L'ESPRIT DE CORPS.†

Pastor and flock erewhiles, like man and wife,  
 When once together join'd, were join'd for life.  
 No light occasion could dissolve the tie ;  
 His heart was with his charge to live and die,—  
 To train them up for heav'n, and meet them there ;  
 And they repaid with love his faithful care.  
 No lure of fame or lust of gold remov'd  
 The watchful shepherd from the flock he lov'd.

A change has since come o'er the pastoral tie ;  
 It's love and sanctity are things gone by.  
 ‡The office Heaven ordained to herald peace,

\* All associations that improperly interfere with individual freedom or that impair the sense of individual responsibility, are to be shunned and denounced as mischievous, however philanthropic, or evangelical the objects which they professedly aim to promote. See "Remarks on Associations," by Dr. Channing. Works vol. 1, pp. 181 and sequ.

† Pronounced, *l'a spree da kore*.

‡ The christian ministry, I am happy to acknowledge, has in a good degree ceased to merit the reproaches to which it was obnoxious, when these lines were written—1848.

And swell its empire with a world's increase,  
 Now ministers to strife and fierce debate ;  
 For love and union genders schism and hate ;  
 Betrays the sacred cause 'twas meant to aid ;  
 Shuns and denounces whom it should persuade ;  
 Inflames the passions which it should allay,  
 And teaches saints to rail, when they should pray ;  
 Repels ingenuous youth, who love their Lord,  
 And but for feuds of priests would preach his word ;  
 Yet by its loaves and fishes, tho' so few,  
 Lures to its ranks a motly, scrambling crew,  
 Self-tutor'd to become all things to all,  
 The sole resemblance they can claim to Paul.

When interest, fashion, novelty, or whim  
 Attracts the hireling to his flock, and them to him,  
 And they are bound or loos'd with equal ease,  
 The preacher's sole great business is to please,  
 To fill up empty pews with paying polls,  
 More priz'd for counting heads than saving souls.  
 A parish pageant kept for show and pride,  
 He must be prais'd by others, or he's set aside.  
 Knowing full well his weak, precarious hold,  
 Bas'd on the favor of his fickle fold,  
 What wonder if his chief, absorbing care  
 Is to be lauded and admir'd elsewhere,—  
 If, taught his value by the crowds he draws,  
 His ruling passion pamper'd by applause,  
 He wanders from his poor, first love away,  
 Allur'd to brighter walks and better pay ?  
 If laymen reck his value by his fame,

And he goes where he's call'd,—pray, whose the  
blame ?

If priests, too, quit their cures for ampler range,  
What wonder that their cures are prone to change,—  
That, leaving, or forsaken by our charge,  
We're all fast turning ministers at large ?\*

Nor deem it strange that many go astray,  
Who cease to ask for counsel on their way,  
That, quit of censors, whom they once rever'd,  
The word of life no longer lov'd, or fear'd,  
They leave the peaceful paths their fathers trod,  
And wander wide from duty, heaven and God.

Tho' these be changes, ominous of ill,  
We glory in our own New England still.  
Tho' heated crowds have sometimes brav'd the law,  
The good and true still keep those crowds in awe.  
What tho' the rum-king, arm'd with toddy-sticks,  
Tilts at the sheriff's staff in coach and six ;  
In vain defiance flashes from his eye,  
Like one resolved to conquer or to die.  
The people's might is in the sheriff's staff;—  
Who greet the tipler's champion with a laugh.  
The champion quails, and slinks abash'd away,  
Provoking only mirth, who meant a fray.†

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\* After the lapse of nine years since the above lines were written, I am pained to perceive but little if any improvement in the permanence of the pastoral relation, and that the christian ministry resembles more and more the mercenary job-work of the Lyceum lecturer or hired advocate in our Courts of law.

† A Mr. J., rum dealer, showed resistance, which was met as above described, to the payment of fines, imposed for violation of the fifteen gallon keg law.

Tho' cities nurse full many a pest and sore,  
 The country's sound and healthy to the core.  
 Tho' from the temp'rance pledge so many shrink,  
 New England's star shall not be quench'd in drink.  
 Her sons and daughters strong in self-control,  
 Need no entangling vows to bind the soul.  
 Still liberty, with all her smiling train,  
 Link'd with her guardian, law, prolongs her reign.  
 For some brief spasms of freedom in excess,  
 We must not love the mountain nymph the less ;  
 Nor quit her turf-built altar for a throne,  
 For acts, that from blind zeal for her have flown.

All hail ! propitious Mother, ever dear,  
 Whose classic FETE, or culinary cheer,  
 Thy many sons of various tastes delights,  
 Who duly come to grace thy annual rites,—  
 How chang'd thy aspect, since amidst thy bow'rs,  
 I saunt'ring mus'd or wreath'd poetic flowers ;  
 Oft as th' accomplish'd tasks gave leave to stray  
 Thro' field, or wood, along some shelter'd way,  
 Or midst the groves, or still, sequester'd glen  
 Of what was fitly nam'd " Sweet Auburn " then.  
 For there with living friends, now gone, I stray'd,—  
 Still well-remembered all we look'd and said.  
 It then had charms ; " but all those charms are fled ;"  
 To me 't is twice a " city of the dead."

Where'er I turn to mark some well-known view,  
 I doubt if 'tis the same that once I knew ;—



So chang'd the whole ; tho' much by change improv'd,  
It tells of many gone, I once rever'd and lov'd.

Where now the tall, erect, majestic form,  
Of aspect stern, but with affections warm,—  
The sage, by nature fashion'd to preside  
With dignity and tenderness alli'd ;—  
Th' impartial censor, guardian, guide and friend  
Of all his wayward charge,—who knew to blend  
Compassion for the culprit with a sense  
Of virtuous horror for the loath'd offence.  
To all by ties of equal kindness bound,  
In him we all an equal patron found.  
To every claim of worth or genius true,  
He gave to each the praise and gurdon due.  
Assiduous, punctual, prompt at duty's call,  
He felt a parent's love, a parent's care for all.  
Thy Willard's sainted shade will not refuse  
This humble tribute from an humble muse.  
Tho' long since summon'd to his glorious rest  
His image lives in many a grateful breast,—  
Enshrin'd with memories of a race of men,  
Whose like we may not look upon again.

Time in his onward march has swept away,  
Customs that here once held pernicious sway.  
To hoax a freshman—trick a tutor, once  
Could make a genius of the veriest dunce.  
To swear, to fight, to gamble, to get drunk,  
Won for mere dolts collegiate fame for SPUNK.  
To steal choice fruit, or graver theft commit

Of fowls or youngling porkers for the spit,  
 To rob the store-house of the industrious bee,  
 Were feats deem'd glorious cat'rings for a SPREE.  
 Now these rude follies win renown no more,  
 Known but as tales of old tradition's lore.  
 Gone too, and now remember'd but by few,  
 That old-world college nuisance of the new,  
 A butt'ry, where were seen in tempting row  
 The sev'ral sources of the tippler's wo, —  
 Where wine, rum, gin, and spirit cordials stood,  
 As in our licens'd grog'ries, FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD !  
 There, as of old at the Pierian spring,  
 A little drinking prov'd a dangerous thing.  
 When shallow drafts had fir'd some shallow brain  
 No drinking deep would sober it again.  
 There, too, within its well-provision'd pale,  
 Were lots of dainty viands kept for sale ;  
 Where hungry tyros hunger's pangs appease  
 With pastry, custards, ham, or choice old cheese.  
 Thither grave tutors sometimes would repair  
 For supplement to Commons' meagre fare.  
 Not least among th' auspicious signs of change,  
 This nuisance gone, with many a usage strange,  
 That pass'd unchaleng'd down from sire to son,  
 And which had best been ended when begun,—  
 Badges of caste and privilege of rank,  
 That with the parent's standing rose or sank,—  
 Freshman at senior's bidding forced to budge  
 On servile errands, like some menial drudge,—  
 And needy students, as if held in scorn,  
 Made table waiters to the richer born.

Honors, once based on accidents of birth,  
Now wait on scholarship and moral worth.

The rabble gatherings, too, that throng'd the way,  
The tents and liquor stalls in long array,  
Panders to drunk'ness, caterers to sin,  
The vulgar revelling and discordant din,  
That once disgrac'd thy annual holiday,—  
Thanks to th' improving age—have pass'd away.

The magic touch of little book imparts  
No more, as once, the first degree in arts ;  
But bundles of diplomas, fair to sight,  
Tender'd at once to all, make brief the rite,  
That erst, by oft repeated formula,  
Lent needless tedium to the tedious day.  
Tho' off and on this stage mine eye behold  
Changes in men and things so manifold,  
Change yet has spar'd, forever may it spare !  
The hat quadrangular, and three leg'd chair.

With change of times, men's tho'ts and ways are new;  
Time-hallow'd creeds are held no longer true.  
New creeds thy sons to milder tenets mould ;  
New lights, new systems supersede the old ;  
New books, new guides, show shorter ways to truth ;  
New schools profess new modes of training youth ;  
New men and measures rule in church and state ;  
Men very little once, are now grown very great.

Times change ; and men and fashions have their day ;



The world my youth first knew has pass'd away.  
 As time unmark'd its noiseless course has kept,  
 The great and wise their last long sleep have slept ;  
 Those lights and models, whom my youth rever'd,  
 Have with their fellow pilgrims disappear'd.  
 Another race leads on a prouder age,  
 Whose magnates figure on a broader stage.  
 And still, as each new race succeeds to this,  
 May time still swell the tide of social bliss ;—  
 Thy sons, fair mother, still be train'd to see  
 Ages yet brighter, happier and as free.

Thy walks, whose trees their boughs umbrageous  
 spread  
 To screen from heat the saunterer's musing head,  
 Thy added structures,—thy extended walls,—  
 Thy fairer temple and thy ampler halls,—  
 All speak th' auspicious changes wrought by time,  
 Since here I sojourn'd in my youth's gay prime.  
 They tell me, too, of time's unstaying speed,  
 And bid me well its serious lessons heed.  
 They warn the young to improve the space so brief  
 From spring to autumn's "sere and yellow leaf ;"—  
 They ring in waning manhood's heavy ear,  
 The friendly warnings of the waning year.  
 They preach to all a truth that is not new,  
 "What shadows we,—what shadows we pursue."  
 All seem to chide my late, adventurous lay ;  
 The tittering nymphs and muses seem to say,  
 "A man past fifty fettering thought in rhyme,  
 Howe'er in tune is sadly out of time."  
 Obedient to the hint I end my lay,  
 And as a tedious guest, long wish'd away,  
 Relieves his sleepy host, his visit through,  
 I bid my nodding friends and lyre a long adieu.





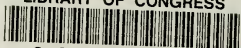


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